☞ Any person who takes the paper regularly from the post-office, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

FANCY THAT.

The woods rang out a merry laugh,
As two went gaily by.
The taller head was his by half,
But hers the saucy eye.
Beneath her old brown summer hat
He stole a glance or two,
Then vowed he loved her—fancy that,
And ever would be true.

For her reply he stays and lingers,
And she to vex and tease,
Tells slowly on her dainty fingers
Sweethearts by twos and threes.
"The little finger's Tommy True,
The next is Georgie Pratt,
I think them all as nice as you,"
She said, "just fancy that."

The two then wandered slowly home,
His heart was full of pain:
He vowed in other lands he'd roam,
And ne'er come back again.
She dashed aside her golden hair,
And sang in merry tone:
"A brave heart wins a lady fair,
A faint heart conquers none."

Beneath the old oak's spreading reach,
She made him understand
How friends could have a finger each,
But he her heart and hand.
They found it then upon the ground,
Her crumpled broad-brimmed hat;
But to this day they have not found
The reason—fancy that!

—*Atherton Furlong, in Chicago Saturday Evening Herald.*

FAIR PAPITA'S LEAP.

Pursued by a Bear She Takes a Last Chance for Life.

Bruin is Killed by a Mountain Lion, the Lion is Shot by a Gallant Hunter, and Papita Bobs Up Serenely From Below.

The Silver City (Mont.) correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* sends the following remarkable tale:

These mountains are as rich in adventures as they are in quartz-rock and big bowlders, he writes. Once in awhile one of the first is heard of beyond its immediate participants, just as the quartz now and then shows up a silver vein to the persistent inquisitive miner. Some of these have been duly chronicled, but not the tenth part of those which have happened, even within easy reportorial reach, have been heard of by me. A few days ago Hank Slicer, an old hunter, who fought the Indians long before he came up into the mountains ten years ago, dropped into our little mining camp, casually, as it were. The old man is garrulous, after he has taken on about a half a dozen three-finger doses of Bourbon, and he told half a dozen beautifully tinted stories of life in the mountains.

That is, the stories were rose-colored—a man with strong imagination and a slight prejudice against Hank might say they were "lurid." All of them were highly entertaining. Fortunately he had collateral evidence of the truth of some of them, though no one ever disputed any statement by Hank Slicer unless Hank was either asleep or out of sight and tolerably certain not to return for some time. One of his stories I shall give. It's a pity it can not be given verbatim and with all the ornaments of adjective and expletive, gesture and facial contortion with which it was duly embellished by the old man. But to do so would require a special font of type with several new characters. Stripped of all disguises the story is about as follows:

Slicer has spent the summer camped on a spur of the mountains, thirty or forty miles from here, known as Big Tree Mountain. This spur is a wide one, and has many lovely little valleys and charming nooks. Its chief charm in old Hank's eyes, however, was the fact that its valleys and glens are the chosen feeding ground of the deer, and that its many pellucid streams are chock-full of the finest trout. With Hank was an old Indian, a half-breed, who, of course, took along his squaw and her incumbrances, a rather bright, copper-colored girl of fourteen or fifteen, three or four smaller fry, their number, ages and sex being quite immaterial. "Running Antelope" was his tribal name, though Hank always called him "Half-breed Jim" when referring to him in mixed society of which the latter was not a part. The two had known each other and camped together off and on for a score or more of years. This summer they must have had a particularly royal and hilarious time, with the squaw to do their cooking, the kids to do the chores, venison steaks running free and thick in their outdoor pantry, and trout fairly crowding around every hook that was thrown into the streams. Such a state of affairs means beatitude itself to an Indian family and an old Rocky Mountain hunter, and that it was enjoyed goes without saying.

One day, just about the time of our warmest weather here, when the blackberries in the scattered brier patches were luxuriantly ripe, old Hank had lazily strolled out with his gun and dog, ready for any thing which might cross his path. Nothing showed up, however—the day was an exceedingly sultry one in August—and the old man had turned his face toward camp, and was within two miles of it, when he came out upon a little opening on a southern exposure that was fairly well set in blackberry bushes, now bending under loads of ripe berries. They were tempting, and the old fellow leisurely browsed along the edge of the patch for some distance, picking only the biggest and ripest berries as he went. His dog had finally made a lazy excursion a little further down the hill to the right, nosing about in a perfunctory way and keeping half an eye on his master as he slowly moved along.

The day was as calm as a Sabbath in Eden; the heat was just enough to be relaxing; the air was soft and resinous and slumber-provoking. The old man moved slower and more and more felt an inclination to lie down and take a nap. He cast a glance ahead and saw that at the further side of the brier patch was a yawning canyon, perhaps five hundred feet deep, that seamed the mountain side for a long distance. Of course he must retrace his steps. He turned to do so. But the invitation of nature to take a siesta was almost irresistible. He had just picked out a nice spot in which to surrender—a bit of thick green moss under the shade of a tree and at the side of a big bowlder—when he was startled into the keenest life and the utmost activity by a scream, unmistakably from a female throat, and pitched at a keynote of the utmost terror. He turned toward the further side of the patch. There he saw the bushes in a state of violent agitation at two points, a slight figure in flight and a big black one in hot pursuit, while the screams kept up, and mingled with them were funny, short, sharp little yelps and a queer sub-cellar bass ejaculation that seemed half howl and half roar.

It was impossible for half a minute to tell what the mischief was up, and the old man, who had instinctively started toward the scene of the commotion at the first sound, kept his weather eye wide open and his finger upon the the trigger of his Winchester. Presently the figure of the screamer emerged from the brier bushes, and still under full headway, dashed over the open ground, covered with mossy rocks, that led to the edge of the canyon and Hank saw that it was Papita, the fifteen-year-old daughter of old Half-breed Jim, flying for dear life from a big cinnamon bear that was fairly making a swath through the briers in pursuit, and was now not more than two rods behind her. Both were going as if the Old Harry was after them, and, of course, it all happened almost in the flash of an eye. From the reckless way in which the girl ran toward the edge of the canyon old Hank was sure she either didn't know it was there or was so frightened that she had forgotten it. Instinctively he called out: "Look out thar, Peet!" the name by which the girl was known to him.

It was too late. The girl did try to check her speed or to turn to one side, Hank could not be certain which. He saw her cast a glance over her shoulder, catch a glimpse of the great, angry beast behind her, whose blood-red eyes looked death at her, and whose hot breath blew out threads of thick spume that almost reached her. She was then but a step from the edge of the precipice. With a gesture of despair the girl threw up her arms as she plunged forward, and leaping high into the air, she cleared the brink and disappeared into the yawning depths of the dark canyon with a wild shriek that fairly made the hunter's blood run thick with cold horror. He was near enough to hear her body strike and break the limbs of a tree whose top was just visible from where he stood, and then go, bumping and rolling down the rocky, almost perpendicular side of the canyon.

The whole thing was begun and over so quickly, and was so entirely unexpected and out of the common, that old Hank stood motionless for a few seconds, during which time the bear had halted by bracing on his haunches and fairly scooting along on the moss-covered rock, stopping at the brink and looking stupidly over at the abyss that had cheated it out of its prey. Just behind the bear came two cubs waddling along comically enough, every now and then making the funny little yelp that had at first been heard. The sight of them recalled the old man to himself. Up went his rifle, and he was just pulling the trigger when he remembered that if he shot the bear the carcass must fall over into the canyon and be lost. With a muttered curse, for the sight of poor Papita's death had made him bloodthirsty, he lowered the gun, to await the moment when the bear should turn around.

Just then occurred one of those unexpected things for which neither man nor bear is ever prepared. A mountain oak grew near where the bear stood and a little back from the precipice. A great limb stretched out toward the canyon, and from it descended by a tremendous spring a long, dark animal, lithe and sinewy, which lit full upon the shoulders of the unconscious bear with a thud. The shock was a heavy one, and the result must have been almost as great a surprise to the big mountain lion—for such the newcomer was—as to the bear. The impetus carried both animals over the brink, and at nearly the exact spot where the girl had disappeared a few seconds before. An instant later the sounds of a terrible conflict rose from the depths into which they had plunged, mingled with the hoarse growls of the bear and the wild, ear-piercing cries of the mountain lion.

Hank ran to the spot and peered over. As he did so the cubs slunk away into the bushes, and for once the veteran hunter didn't so much as look after a pair of fine young bears. What he saw below him he can best tell himself: "I never seed such a sight 'n my born days, ner heerd sich a growlin', ner kem acrost sich a clawin' an' scratchin'; y' see, th' varmints hed struck th' sidelin' trunk uv a tree what growed a piece below, 'n' it kinder throwed 'em catawumpus like back to'rds th' hill, 'stid o' down into the canyon, 'n' they'd lit in a sorter little flat spot atween th' tree 'n' the hill 'n' got wedged in thar, both flat on ther sides 'n' so clost tergether they cudn't git out noways—jess like packed in a box.

"Neither one had enny advantage, 'n neither one cud git out, so they staid thar'n fit. An' sich fitin'! Th' bar tried t' hug 'n cudn't git ahold. Hed t' lite, 'n th' lion kep up sich a motion it uz discouragin' t' try. Th' lion' kep its hind claus agoin' like greased lightin', 'n every rake went through 'n fetched blood 'n gen'lly more or less meat. Course it didn't take long t' git 't the bar's inside fix'ns et thet rate. 'N all this time th' two kep up th' most owdacious howlins y' ever heerd. Reckin th' old mountin never heerd th' like afore. How long I watched thet fight I don' no; mought er ben ten minits; mought er ben two hours. Seemed like I cudn't keep my eyes offen 'em nohow. Finally th' lion managed t' squirm roun' some 'n kinder git on top. Then I seen th' fun uz most over. He jess nachully ripped up th' bar's belly 'n mighty soon hed it bout empty. Thet ended th' fight. But th' bar uz no slouch. Time th' lion uz got so fer along th' bar gits a hold on his nose 'n holds on like grim death, 'n gits his paws roun' th' lion's neck 'n hugs fer all he's worth. After while th' bar laid still 'n jess kicked once 'n awhile, but didn't let go neither hold. The lion tried 'n tried, but couldn't git loose. Then I kinder kem t' my senses 'n put a bullet in th' lion. He giv one screech bigger'n I'd heerd 'n giv a last kick.

"Then I begun ter scratch my head 'bout how I uz ter git thar carcasses out o' thar. They uz down 'bout fifty feet or more, n' no gittin' 'em up thet steep wall. Then I thought I' hev ter go down inter the canyon, ennyhow, arter th' body 'o thet pore Injun gal, little Peet, n' mebby I'd find a bit o' life in her yit 'n cud tell th' old folks sumthin' more cheerin' then thet last jump into eternity o' hers; when, Lord bless me, whadyer spose happened! Thet blamed little Peet herself poked her frowzy head from ahind a rock t'other side o' th' tree n' looked up at me 'n smiled, 'n nodded, 'n said, 'Peet all right.' Ef ye couldn't a' knocked me down with a feather, I'm a liar! I wuz never ez glad t' see ennybody afore in all my nachul born days. Cum t' inquire 'n luk into th' thing, it wasn't so blame wonderful. Th' gal 'd jumped right into the tree-top. Thet ketched 'er, 'n what I'd thought uz her a goin' down hill wuz only a bit o' rock 't shuk loose 'n rolled down th' canyon She'd slipped down out o' th' tree al' right, an' jess got out o' th' way o' th two varmints when they kem down, too. She dodged ahind a rock 'n let 'em fight it out. She uz out blackberryin' when she run across the old she bar an' cubs on th' same arrant, 'n th' bar 'd tuk arter her. Peet's close wuzn't much when she got through them briers, but barrin' some scratches, the gal herself uz all right.

"They ain't much more t' teil. Peet found a way up, 'n I went down n' took off th' pelts 'n cut a right smart chance o'bar meat fer Peet t' carry 't camp, sted o' the berries she did't git. I've got both skins out thar, 'n here's one o' th' claws o' thet lion ter show fer the day's work."

The old man held up his trophy. If he is as veracious as it was ugly and sharp and wickedly suggestive, then there can be no doubt of the truth of his story of a very unique and thrilling adventure.

ARTIFICIAL COLD-AIR.

Houses to Be Cooled in Summer by Frost That Comes Through Pipes.

The manufacture of cold is likely to become a large industry. Earlier efforts in the production of cold were toward the manufacture of ice. Later improvements were in the line of cooling-rooms, where products could be stored without the use of ice. This method has been in successful operation for some time in large packing-houses. It is less troublesome and less expensive than ice, but the process involves the use of brine with ammonia and a large outlay of money for a plant. This process is effective only in large concerns, and is limited to the production of moderately cold air, with the objectionable feature of dampness.

The newest process of refrigerating produces a dry, cold air that carries the thermometer many degrees below freezing point, and this degree of cold can be produced so cheaply and is so thoroughly under control that the world is promised the luxury of frost as cheap as heat or light. The concern in Chicago which controls this process is located on the West Side in a pretentious building. In one room they distill the ammonia, reducing the refuse product from the gas house to a pure liquid. This ammonia, known in the trade as anhydrous ammonia, flows in pipes to the cooling-rooms. This pipe enters the rooms and is distributed about the sides like ordinary steam pipes. The liquid ammonia is prevented from entering the pipes in the rooms, but through a faucet the gas or vapor which rises from the liquid ammonia passes into the pipes in the room. This vapor is what produces cold, and the degree desired is regulated by the amount of vapor that is allowed to pass through the pipes. The gas or vapor returns to the distilling-room with its freezing properties exhausted, and is made again into anhydrous ammonia, and is again used for freezing purposes.

Fruits are stored in a room cooled to the temperature of forty degrees. Meats for use in the near future are in rooms a little cooler, and game and delicate fishes for winter use are in the coldest room. In this department the thermometer registers twenty degrees below zero, and the game birds and fishes are frozen as hard and dry as it would be possible to freeze them in the dry cold air outdoors.

The practical uses to which this method may be put do not end with cooling and freezizg rooms in a large establishment, for this pure liquid ammonia may be drawn off and carried to a residence in a receptacle something like a soda fountain, and from this the gas can be forced through a pipe in a refrigerator and make that storehouse as cold as may be desired. So far the process has not been used by families to any extent, but the production of the liquid ammonia is a matter of such trifling cost that a raid on the good housewife's kitchen is contemplated, and the company promise that the family refrigerator shall be furnished with dry, cold air cheaper than ice and serve the purpose better. Instead of the daily call of the iceman the cold air fellow will come around once in eight or ten days with his little tank of frost-producer, and after connecting it with the refrigerator pipe carry away with him the old tank of exhausted ammonia.

It is still further proposed to extend the usefulness of this process by making it a means of cooling residences. Pipes may be laid in the streets just as gas pipes are now laid, and as the liquid ammonia will not freeze it may be run into a residence just as gas is, and during the warm weather, instead of sweltering in a hot room the householder may turn a faucet and let the ammonia vapor circulate through the pipes around the ceiling of the room. No one need suffer in his house or office from heat when this point has been reached any more than he need now suffer indoors from colds. Pipes for a house-cooling plant are now being laid in Denver, and during the coming summer the plan will be thoroughly tested there.—*Chicago Tribune.*

WOMEN AS DOCTORS.

Female Physicians in Every Branch of Medical Practice.

"It is only within the last twenty-five years that women have been permitted to enter medical colleges," said a graduate of the Woman's Medical College of Chicago. "The schools of America were the first to admit women," continued Dr. Dickenson, "and England was forced into concession. Thirty years ago Mrs. Frances Elizabeth Hoggan was obliged to leave England and attend a school in Zurich to get a medical education. A short time afterward Mrs. Garrett Anderson, now one of the most noted of female physicians, as well as Mrs. Agnes McLaren, had to leave Edinburgh to get their education in Paris. It seems strange that a city like Edinburgh, boasting of the most perfect school system in the world, had no place where a woman might study medicine if she were so inclined.

"There are now four medical colleges in the United States, situated at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Chicago. There are, perhaps, one hundred and fifty female physicians now practicing medicine in this city and many of them are graduates of our own college. Since its existence the college has sent out two hundred graduates to follow their profession and they are scattered all over the world. Some are in California, others are in the East, and a number are in Africa and India. Those who have gone abroad and acting as missionaries. It has been the custom of foreign missionary societies to pay for the education of young women, providing they will pledge themselves so act as missionaries for the space of five years. Many intelligent girls have taken advantage of this opportunity to get an education, and after serving their time will be independent.

"Do women who become doctors incline to any particular branch of medical practice?"

That depends on where they are located. If they settle in a large city, where specialists can do well, many of them choose some particular branch. In Chicago some have taken up nervous diseases and others the diseases peculiar to women, while I chose to be an oculist. There are also some who are in general p[illegible] and I have no doubt there are [illegible] every special branch of medicine. Now, I want to tell you something you don't know. There is no school in the world that teaches students how to fit the frames of spectacles, although this is fully as important as that the frames should have glasses in them. Unless the frame is adjusted so that the center of the lens is directly before the pupil of the eye the spectacles never give satisfaction, and injure the vision by wearing.

"Opticians have become very expert in fitting spectacles because they study the subject. They have to be responsible for the mistakes of oculists, and have learned to place no dependence on the opinion of the average doctor. Physicians in the country have no possible means of ordering spectacles that will suit the eyes of their patients. They may describe the strength of the lens that they need, but unless the frame is properly adjusted they might as well not order the spectacles. Is it not strange that this simple part of every doctor's education has been neglected and that no college teaches it?"—*Chicago News.*

A BOY'S TIME-TABLE.

The Pleasant and Unpleasant Things in Little Freddy's Life.

My little nephew ran across a paragraph, somewhere, which said that any body could save at least two hours of wasted time a day by running on a time-table.

Freddy brought the clipping to me, and asked what it meant. I told him that I supposed that it meant that a person could save two hours a day by having all his work or amusement planned and arranged beforehand—such and such a thing to be done at such a time, and another thing following directly after, and so on.

Freddy seemed so much interested that I advised him to make out a time table for himself, and try running on it for a few days. He said he guessed he would because two extra hours a day would be a great help to him in learning to strike out the fellows, and possibly would secure him the coveted position of pitcher in the school nine. The next day Freddy submitted the following to me:

FREDDY'S TIME-TABLE.

A. M.

645 to 7 Gettin up.
7 to 730 Bath and gettin reddy fer brekfus.
730 to 8 Brekfus.
8 to 820 Prairs.
820 to 830 Hard study.
830 Start fer skool.
9 Get there (a feller must have sum fun in life).
9 to 1030 Study and resite.
1030 to 1045 Reses (out to be longer).
1045 to 12 Study and resite.

P. M.

12 to 1215 Goin fer lunch.
1215 to 1230 Eatin it.
1230 to 1 Sloos of things. Playin ball mosly.
1 to 3 Skool agen. Tuffest part of the day.
3 Skool over. Fun begins.
3 to 6 Bace ball. Bisickle ridin. Goin to walk (sumtimes with a gurl). Slidin and skatin in winter. Flyin kite. Bothrin the dog. Penuts. Goin to ride with pa. Shoppin with ma (wen I dont kno it befourhand). Kandy. In bad wether readin. Sloos of other things.
9 to 7 Dinner (grate time fer me.)
7 to 730 Nothin much. Dont feel like it.
730 to 8 Pa gets dun with paper an reads sunthin alowd.
8 Sez I must begin to study.
8 to 815 Kickin aginst it.
815 to 915 Study.
915 Gwup to bed.
915 to 935 Windin waterbury watch.
935 to 945 Undressin and gettin into bed.
945 till mornin. Grate big time with dreems, but a feller cant stop to injoy thing much. Wonder wy dreems cant hang on more like reel things?

P. S. Ware do thos too extry ours cum in?—*Paul Pastnor, in Puck.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Thirty minutes spent in cleaning up a team in the evening, may mean an hour's gain in time the next day.

—Do not forget to take care of the tools and farm machinery as you cease to use them for the season. They represent money and you can not afford to allow them to be ruined for want of care.

—If one wants all the milk that can be gotten from a cow, without reference to its quality, juicy grains, green corn fodder, brewers' grass, turnips and roots having a large proportiou of water in them, warm mashes and sloppy food in general will produce it. A fair proportion of substantial food is necessary to produce rich milk.

—Spinach and carrots are not injured if stored outside in mounds, and in sections where the winters are not so severe they may be left in the rows, with a slight covering. The proper way to store them, however is in a cellar, in bins, so as to easily handle them when they are wanted for feeding.

—If the farm be on low, wet land a proper system of drainage is of the first importance, and when so drained such a farm—other circumstances equally favorable—pays on an average a larger yearly profit than upland or hilly farms. Excessive wet weather may ruin the crops on the low farms, but not the crops and land too, as is often done on the other.

—Those farmers who have fat cattle for sale should by all means let them go if they can get a satisfactory price. If by keeping them a few weeks longer for a better price a few dollars may be gained, how much will be spent in the extra feeding? The common experience of stock feeders is that there is more profit in feeding good lean animals than in continuing to feed stock that is ready for sale and waiting for a little better price that may never be secured.

—Oyster Sauce: Drain the liquor from one pt. of oysters. Melt two ozs. of butter in a sauce pan, stir into it one oz. of flour and add to this by degrees the liquor from the oysters. When the mixture boils throw into it the oysters and boil all together until the leaves of the fish begin to shrivel. Throw in one-half teaspoonful of pepper, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one saltspoonful of grated nutmeg, and, having boiled one-half pint of milk in a separate saucepan, stir it in also; then remove the saucepan from the fire at once or the milk will curdle and the sauce be ruined.—*Toledo Blade.*

—It is a well-known fact that soda spoils lawns and percales. They should be washed in tepid water, without soap, save just enough dissolved in the water to render it smooth and easy to use. Wash and rinse as expeditiously as possible, turn and starch in thin boiled starch, in which you have dissolved enough white soap to make it a trifle sudsy. Dry in the shade and iron on the wrong side. Should the articles have a figure of some bright hue which is liable to fade, a generous handful of salt will prevent it, by using it in the rinse water.—*Portland Transcript.*

POULTRY MANAGEMENT.

The Proper Way of Ventilating Hen-Houses in Winter.

In all poultry houses constructed I have advised no ventilation whatever in winter, other than the air that finds an ingress to the openings into the yard (which openings should be closed at night, or when the doors or windows are opened). In summer a ventilator tube may be used, to let off the warm air (it is not always foul); but in winter, while the doors may be open during the day, at night the house should be closed as tightly as the rooms we sleep in, for the chances that human beings will suffocate will be greater than that hens will. Since trying the no-ventilator plan I have been more successful, and having persuaded others to try it, I can show evidence that the birds thrive better and seldem have roup. It is the cold air coming down on the birds, or flowing freely around them, that causes so many cases of roup, canker, etc., and if the poultry house has no ventilator to let out the warm air, thereby creating a draught, I will venture to say that where one bird is lost by suffocation or foul air, a dozen will be saved that would otherwise die from too much fresh air. Try it.

As to foul air, there should be none. No experienced poultryman ever allows his poultry house to get in a condition to produce foul air, as it is regularly cleansed, while the cold prevents fermentation of the droppings of as ingle night. As to the carbonic acid gas exhaled, it is one of those myths that never materialize. True, it is there; but enough air comes in, and enough gas goes out, to prevent danger until morning. I have yet to find the suffocated fowl, or any injured by a close, warm house; but the victims of the ventilator tube are legion, and every winter finds their number increased.

I know it is an arduous task to attempt to have the ventilator tubes abolished from all poultry houses, for the more roup and disease the firmer the belief that more cold air (*i. e.*, more cause of roup) is needed, and boxes of pills, with all sorts of gargles and washes, are resorted to in order to undo the mischief of freezing the poor fowls with cold dratts, instead of having them snug and warm. I can not imagine how the poultry-house should be an exception to the dwelling-house, stable, and other habitations of animals. It is better to knock off a whole side of the poultry-house, as no drafts are thereby created, but the hole in the roof is murderous. A dozen hens, weighing only 50 pounds, are allowed more ventilation than a cow weighing 600 pounds, and more consideration is usually given the location of the ventilator tube than in the arrangements of the house. I hope readers will close all ventilator holes this winter, for experiment, and trust to the fresh air coming in without attempting to flow it in, and, my word for it, those that do so will be surprised to note the difference between the damage done by ventilator holes and the success obtained by tightly closing them.—*Rural New Yorker.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Paper treated with a mixture of camphor oil and linseed oil becomes waterproof.

—Girls are beginning to look toward dentistry as a field where their wits and industry may win a fair reward.

—The vanilla bean grows wild in Mexico, and, fresh from the forest, sells at ten or twelve dollars per 1,000.

—Prussian blue is got by fusing horses' hoofs and other refuse animal matter with impure potassium carbonate.

—It's well known that there are absolutely no genuine chamois skins in the market; but, notwithstanding, an English firm is manufacturing a new cloth in imitation of the imitation skins. They will be just as good as the real skins, it is claimed, and will be sold as imitations.

—With Edison's new phonograph tubes are fitted to the compositors' ears and connected with the instrument, which is set to talking or stopped by a pedal arrangement. The phonograph talks off a sentence into the printer's ears, and when these are full he stops the machine until he has transformed the words into type.

—In the ordinary sixteen candle-power incandescent lamp, according to Prof. Ernest Merritt, only from four to six per cent. of the energy actually expended is available as light, the remainder being wasted as heat. To lessen this waste is one of the greatest electrical problems now awaiting solution.

—A noted French scientist has reached the conclusion after numerous experiments, that the most brilliant displays of the aurora borealis occur at an elevation of not more than thirty-eight miles, while a pale glow may possibly be produced as high as eighty-two miles, but that no auroral discharge is possible at a height of 124 miles.

—Oil of peppermint in vapor diluted even to a part in 100,000 will kill cockroaches in an hour, they dying in convulsions. One drop of the oil placed under a bell-jar covering a cultivation of cholera bacilli will kill both bacilli and spores in forty-eight hours. It is also regarded as among the best surgical antiseptics, and of great value in phthisis and diphtheria.

—Dr. Richardson, of London, who has given great attention to the subject of human food, says that "neither the teeth nor the digestive system of man is adapted properly for animal food, nor for a purely vegetable diet, but for one of fruit." If man is to be classed according to his adaptation to any particular kind of food, he should not be called a flesh-eating or a vegetable-eating, but a fruit-eating animal.

—Concussion of the brain is scientifically defined as "being, in a physiological sense, a sudden and more or less complete arrest of the brain's mental and physical functions, brought about by external violence. In every case of injury to the head the brain is made to vibrate more or less forcibly. When the vibrations are feeble the injury to the brain structure thence resulting is but slight; when they are severe the mischief may be great."

FROGS AND SNAKES.

Some Facts From the Snakery of the King of Oude.

The late King of Oude had built a snakery in the gardens of his palace at Garden Reach, near Calcutta. It was an oblong pit about thirty feet long by twenty feet broad, the walls being about twelve feet high and perfectly smooth, so that a snake could not crawl up. In the center of the pit there was a large block of rough masonry, perforated so that it was as full of holes as a sponge. In this honeycombed block the snakes dwelt, and when the sun shone brightly they came out to bask or to feed.

His Majesty used to have live frogs put into the pit, and amused himself by seeing the hungry snakes catch the frogs. When a large snake catches a small frog, it is all over in an instant, but if a smallish snake catches a largish frog, so that he can not swallow it at once, the frog's cries are piteous to hear. Again and again I have heard them while out shooting, and have gone to the bush or tuft of grass from which the piercing cries came—sometimes in time, sometimes too late to save poor froggy though the snake generally got shot. As a final story let me tell how a frog has been seen to turn the tables on the snake.

Two gentlemen in Cachar some years ago saw a small snake seize a small frog and attempt to swallow it. But suddenly a large frog jumped forward, seized the snake's tail, and began to swallow the snake. How the affair might have ended can not be told, because my friends imprudently drew near to watch the combat, when the frogs and snake took alarm, and the big frog disgorged the snake's tail, and the snake released the little frog, and they all scuffled off. But the tale is perfectly true, and both the gentlemen who saw it are still alive; and I only regret that it was not my good luck to see the affair with my own eyes.—*Longman's Magazine.*

Chinese Have No Nerves.

The North China *Herald* says the quality of "nervelessness" distinguishes the Chinaman from the European. The Chinaman can write all day, work all day, stand in one position all day, weave, beat gold, carve ivory, do infinitely tedious jobs for ever and ever, and discover no more signs of weariness and irritation than if he were a machine. This quality appears early in life. There are no restless, naughty boys in China. They are all appallingly good, and will plod away in school without recesses or recreation of any kind. The Chinaman can do without exercise. Sport or play seems to him so much waste labor. He can sleep anywhere—amid rattling machinery, deafening uproar, squalling children and quarreling adults. He can sleep on the ground, on the floor, on a bed, on a chair, in any position. It would be easy to raise in China an army of a million men—nay, of ten millions—tested by competitive examination as to their capacity to go to sleep across three wheelbarrows, head downward like a spider, their mouths wide open and a fly inside.